THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 25.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

So versatile, so extensive, so commanding was his genius, that he forged history, architecture, and heraldry. He wrote also a 'Manks Tragedy,' which, if his forgeries had met with a more favourable reception than they did, he would doubtless have produced as an ancient composition. With the ardour of true genius, he aspired

——petere inde coronam,
Unde nullæ prius velarint tempora musæ.

The reputation of Chatterton does not rest solely on those works which he acknowledged as his own. His fairest claim to immortality is founded on the poems attributed to Rowley, which it seems now to be generally acknowledged were really of his own composition. The controversy which their publication excited is brought to an issue. The generality of the learned, since they were put in the plain track of inquiry, have acquiesced in the decision of the advocates for Chatterton's title. The conscious silence of the defenders of their antiquity sufficiently shows that little can be opposed to the proofs brought in support of his title to them.

A state of the controversy which, both on account of its novelty and its merit, is the most curious and extraordinary, which, since the days of Bentley and Boyle, has divided the literary world, claims a place in the life of Chatterton; and the reader will not be inclined to consider it as unimportant, nor deem it unworthy of such particular and elaborate discussion, when he peruses a list of the publications on both sides, and perceives that it has been honoured with the attention of gentlemen of the first erudition in the republic of letters, and reflects, that its determination affects not only the reputation of Chatterton, but 'the great lines of the history of English poetry.'

On the side of the question which asserts the authenticity of the poems, are the names of Langhorne (Monthly Review, 1777), Milles (Commentary, &c. 1782), Bryant (Observations, &c. 1782), Greene (Strictures on Malone, Warton, &c. 1782), Matthias (Essay on the Evidence, &c. 1783), and the author of 'Observations on Rowley, and Remarks on Tyrwhitt's Appendix,' 1782. The Gentleman's Magazine, 1777, was on the same side. The Critical Review, 1777, gave extracts, but no opinion. Dr. Gregory (Life of Chatterton, 1789), gives an abstract of the arguments on both sides, but no verdict of his own. He leans to the same side; but his candour and modesty exempt him from being considered as a partizan.

The publications of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant have been justly considered, not only as the most voluminous, but as the first, in point of learning and ingenuity, on this side of the question. Langhorne himself, a poet, 'on first opening the poems,' concluded 'that they were *mock ruins*.' Upon the testimony of Mr. Catcott, &c. he pronounced them 'the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and interpolations by Chatterton.' Mr. Matthias has delineated the leading objects of the controversy with great accuracy, perspicuity, and elegance. Though he himself espouses the authenticity of the poems, yet his book, having so strongly and faithfully represented the arguments on the other side of the question, is more calculated to overthrow than to confirm his own opinion. The objection is too forcible for the answer.

The arguments which the advocates of Rowley advance, are the asseverations of Chatterton, whom they themselves caluminate as 'unprincipled,' and who indeed contradicted himself in the very outset of his adventure; the testimonies of his friends, who thought him incapable of writing the poems; partial quotations from the poems, for a display of antiquated words and obscure expressions; quotations, still more partial, from one or two old English poets, in order to show how *possible* it was for them to produce now and then an harmonious coincidence of words; and the incompetency of Chatterton, to both as his genius and acquired knowledge, to this literary fraud.

'They who are willing, says Dr. Milles, to think Chatterton's time and abilities equal to all that is attributed to him, must consider the great compass and variety of knowledge necessary to qualify him for so extensive a forgery. He must have been conversant, to a certain degree, with the language of our ancient poets, with the meaning and inflexion of their words, and with the rules of grammar which they observed. He must have formed a vocabulary from their books, which must have been previously read and understood by him, as the groundwork of his imitation, and undoubtedly the most difficult part of the undertaking.'

To the truth of these observations an advocate for Chatterton may in a great degree subscribe, without being convinced that he was unequal to the task in question. Chatterton was an extraordinary instance of prematurity of abilities, such as Wotton, Barretier, Psalmanazer, Crichton, Servin, &c. Common glossaries and dictionaries, Speght, Kersey, Bailey, &c. furnished him with most of the obsolete terms which he has introduced, and common histories, Geoffry of Monmouth, Hollinshed, Fox, Fuller, Camden, &c. with most of the facts he has alluded to.

The leading object of Mr. Bryant's work is to prove, that Chatterton could not be the author of the poems; because, in a variety of instances, he appeared not to understand them. There is something specious in this plea; but the learned writer has egregiously failed in his proofs. He has invented 'meanings never meant,' and discovered allusions never intended; and, deluded by his own fancy, has made the most whimsical hypothesis the ground of his argument; so that because Chatterton did not anticipate his conjectures, he must be ignorant of Rowley's meaning! This is to make the error, in order to correct it. Chatterton undoubtedly mistook the meaning of several words; but the mistake equally concerns the poet and the glossarist. Mr. Bryant would confine every mistake, both as to words and things, to the last; and produces a list of upwards of fifty terms to 'demonstrate' his proposition; but his reasonings, in almost every instance, are futile, and his inferences forced and unnatural. Speght, Kersey, and Bailey, in whom Chatterton confided, will explain the whole.

The observations of Mr. Matthias on the power of genius, and what he calls the *capability* of the English language, carry little force or conviction with them. His example is Homer. The case of Rowley and Homer is exceedingly different. We have real ground to proceed on when we speak of the poetry of Rowley's age; but nothing better than imaginary, when speaking of the age of Homer. The ancients were convinced that Homer had some models to guide him; and it is highly reasonable to suppose it. But the point in dispute is not, whether Rowley might not have been *superior* to every other poet of his day, but whether there is any ground in reason to suppose, or whether experience will warrant the supposition, that he should be *essentially* and almost totally *different* in language, in mode of composition, in harmony, in metre, in allusions, in references, in observations, in sentiment, and in every thing that falls within the compass of what is called taste, from not only a few, but from *all* the writers of his own and of every preceding age? The defenders of Rowley must assent to this proposition in its fullest extent; a proposition to which the mind almost instinctively revolts, and which the experience of mankind universally contradicts.

Among the advocates of Chatterton are the names of Tyrwhitt (Appendix to the octavo edition of Rowley, 1777, and Vindication of the Appendix, 1782), Croft (Love and Madness, 1780), Scott (Gentleman's Magazine, 1777, and Poetical Works, 1782), the Earl of Orford (Two Letters printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779), Badcock (Monthly Review, 1782), Warton (History of English Poetry, vol. 2. and Inquiry, &c. 1782), Malone (Cursory Observations, 1782); Gray, Mason, Hayley, Pye, Preston, Percy, Mickle, Headly, Johnson, Knox, Dyer, &c. The Critical Review, 1782, and Gentleman's Magazine, 1782, joined the party, which denies the authenticity of the poems.

The publications of Mr. Warton, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, and the masterly critique of Mr. Badcock, have deservedly been considered as the first, in point of consequence, on this side of the question, and indeed decisive of the controversy.

'Insignificant as it may seem, says Mr. Warton, the determination of this question AFFECTS THE GREAT LINES OF THE HISTORY OF POETRY,

AND EVEN OF GENERAL LITERATURE. If it should at last be decided that these poems were really written so early as the reign of King Edward IV, the entire system that hath been framed concerning the prepossession of poetical composition, and every theory that has been established on the gradual improvement of taste, style, and language, will be shaken and disarranged.'

The first serious objection which occurs against the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, the Challenge to Lydgate, the Songe to Ælla, and Lydgate's answer, contained in one parchment, and the account of W. Canynge's Feast, the Epitaph on Robert Canynge, and part of the Story of W. Canynge; the whole not containing more than 124 verses. If he *had* been in possession of the original manuscripts of Ælla, Battle of Hastings, &c. what should have hindered his producing them? If he wished to give credit to his pretensions, how could he better have effected his purpose than by showing his originals? What could have been his motive for destroying them, upon the supposition of his having possessed them? This question was never answered. The fact was, Chatterton confined his attempts at forging manuscripts to smaller pieces; but in these he failed. How much more would he have failed in poems of any considerable length? The attempt was too daring even for his adventurous pen.

The first parchment, containing 66 verses, has since been lost, but there can be no difficulty in pronouncing it a forgery, as the correspondence itself, between Lydgate and the supposed Rowley, is plainly fictitious. Dr. Milles says, 'that the hand in which the story of Canynge is written is somewhat different from the Account of Canynge's Feast;' and Mr. Tyrwhitt adds, 'that the hand in which the Epitaph on Robert Canynge is written, differs entirely from both.' They could not both, therefore, have been written by Rowley. The archetype of the fac simile of Canynge's Feast is evidently a forgery. It contains no species of hand-writing that ever existed in any age, and could only have been read by the person who wrote it.

The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and upon good grounds. He is not so much as noticed by William of Wyrcestre, who lived about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. 'Bale, says Lord Orford, who lived near two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied industry, dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity,' has never taken the least notice of such a person; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliffe church, is also an unaccountable circumstance not easy to be surmounted. The manner in which they are said to have been preserved is improbable. That title deeds, relating to the church, or even historical records, might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church is sufficiently probable; but that *poems* should have been consigned to a chest with six keys, kept in a private room, with title deeds and conveyances, and that these keys should be intrusted, not to the heads of a college, or any literary society, but to aldermen and church-wardens, is a supposition replete with absurdity; and the improbability is increased, when we consider that these very papers passed through the hands of persons of some literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taste for poetry, and yet without the least discovery of their intrinsic value.

No writings, or chest, deposited in Redcliffe church, are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inspected; nor any books, except two, called 'Ligers cum integra legenda,' which he leaves to be used occasionally in the choir, by the two chaplains established by him.

[*To be Continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

PECULIARITIES OF THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

[Miss Anna Seward, to whom the lovers of polite literature, are indebted for many elegant specimens of poetry, has recently been employed in prose composition, and has written a biography of the late Dr. Darwin, and a criticism upon the most popular of his poems. Among many interesting anecdotes, in the front pages of this biography, we find some curious circumstances relative to the life and *philosophic* adventures of Thomas Day, the eccentric author of Sandford and Merton. With a distinct voice, we call the attention of *our* readers to this article, because it artlessly describes the ridiculous and pernicious effects of those wild systems, which have of late been so much admired by all the atheists, deists, jacobins, innovators, philosophic jugglers, and desperate projectors of the *new school*. It shows, with the force of mathematical demonstration, that all their whimsies are not only at warfare with common sense and continued experience, but with private and public felicity. Their schemes of education ossify the heart, and pollute the imagination. They make men rogues, and women whores. Their *short cut* to morality is only a new, and more direct road to the gallows; and as for their maniac Politics, whether they appear simpering in the hypocritical shape of *democratic* constitutions, or ferocious and bloody, like the grim Moloch of Jacobinism, they are of so low, so flagitious, so abominable a character, that a constant combat should be maintained against them, not only with the force of arguments, but with the *force of the valiant*, with all the poignancy of pens, and ALL THE SHARPNESS OF SWORDS.]

About the year 1765, came to Lichfield, from the neighbourhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth, a man of fortune, and recently married to a Miss Ellars of Oxfordshire. The fame of Dr. Darwin's various talents allured Mr. E. to the city they graced. Then scarcely two and twenty, and with an exterior yet more juvenile, he had mathematic science, mechanic ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of the modern languages. His address was gracefully spirited, and his conversation eloquent. He danced, he fenced; and winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill; yet did not the consciousness of these lighter endowments abate his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge.

After having established a friendship and correspondence with Dr. Darwin, Mr. Edgeworth did not return to Lichfield till the summer of the year 1770. With him, at that period, came the late Mr. Day, of Bear-hill, in Berkshire. These young men had been fellow-students in the university of Oxford. Mr. Day was also attracted by the same celebrated abilities, which, five years before, had drawn his friend into their sphere. He was then twenty-four, in possession of a clear estate, about twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Day looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time, the appendages of gentleman. Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his meditative and melencholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small-pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazle eyes; yet when he declaimed,

....."Of good and evil
"Passion, and apathy, and glory, and shame,"

very expressive were the energies gleaming from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less orilliant than Mr. E. but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, openhanded bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, that marked the peculiar character, which shall unfold itself on these pages. In succeeding years, Mr. Day published two noble poems, The Dying Negro, and The Devoted Legions; also Sandford and Merton, which by wise parents is put into every youthful hand.

Mr. Day dedicated the third edition of the Dying Negro to Rousseau. That dedication has every force and every grace of eloquence. The sentiments are strongly characteristic of their writer except in the philippic against American resistance just commenced when the address to Rousseau was composed. Generous indignation of the slave trade, practised without remorse in the southern colonies of North America, induced Mr. Day to refuse them all credit for the patriotic virtue of that resistance to new and unconstitutional claims which threatened their liberties.

In the course of year 1770, Mr. Day stood for a full-length picture to Mr. Wright of Derby. A strong likeness and a dignified portrait were the result. Drawn as in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous, lurid, and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hambden. Mr. Day looks upwards, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book, held in his dropped right hand. The open leaf is the oration of that virtuous patriot in the senate, against the grant of ship-money demanded by king Charles the first. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day's hair, and illuminates the contents of the volume. The poetic fancy, and what were then the politics of the original, appear in the choice of subject and attitude. Dr. Darwin sat to Mr. Wright about the same period. That was a simple contemplative portrait, of the most perfect resemblance.

The circumstances of Mr. Day's disposition, habits, and destiny were so peculiar, as to justify digression from the principal subjects of these pages.

Their author would deem it inexcusable to introduce any thing fabulous; to embellish truth by the slightest colouring of fiction, even by exaggerating singularity, or heightening what is extraordinary;....but when realities are of a nature to interest and to amuse in a collateral branch of the memoir, the reader will not be displeased to turn from its principal personage, distinguished rather by wonderful endowment than by uncommon occurrences, while the picture of his friend's more eventful story passes before their eyes.

Mr. Day's father died during his infancy, and left him an estate of twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Soon after his mother married a gentleman of the name of Philips. The author of this narrative has often neard Mr. Day describe him as one of those common characters, who seek to supply their inherent want of consequence, by a busy, teizing interference in circumstances, with which they have no real concern.

Mrs. Philips, jointured with three hundred pounds a year out of her son's estate, was left his sole guardian, or united with another person in the trust, whom she influenced. Herself, influenced by such a husband, often rendered uncomfortable the domestic situation of a high-

spirited youth of genius. We may well suppose he impatiently brooked the preceptive impertinence, and troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it as a duty to pay some outward respect to the husband of his mother.

She frequently repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still oftener expressed solicitude lest Mr. Philips, who had no fortune of his own, should lose in the decline of life, by losing her, all comfortable subsistence. It was Mr. Day's first act on coming of age, and into possession of his estate, to augment his mother's jointure to four hundred, and to settle it upon Mr. Philips during his life. This bounty to a man who had needlessly mortified and embittered so many years of his own infancy and youth, evinced a very elevated mind. That mind also had been wounded by the caprice of a young lady, who 'claimed the triumph of a lettered heart,' without knowing how to value and retain her prize. Before her fickleness became indisputable, he wrote the following beautiful elegy,

Yet once again in yonder myrtle bowers,
Whence rose-lipp'd zephrys, hovering shed perfume,
I weave the painted radiance of the flowers,
And press coy Nature in her days of bloom.

Shall she, benignant, to the wondering eyes
Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?
Or, gemm'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise
To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall these possess her bright, her fragrant store,
These snatch the wreath, by plastic Nature wove,
Nor wanton summer yield one garland more
To grace the bosom of the nymph I love!

For she shall come; with her each sister grace,
With her the kindred powers of harmony,
The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,
And hang with flowers each consecrated tree.

Blithe Fancy too shall spread her glittering plumes
She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,
She loves the spot, where infant Genius blooms,
She loves the spot, where peace and freedom smile,

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,
In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn;
In vain with brighter tints the florets glow,
Or dewdrops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opes not one blossom to the spicy gale,
Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches wide;
Wanders no rill through the luxuriant vale,
Or, glist'ning, rushes down the mountain side,

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,
Fancy has wing'd her ever-mazy flight,
To hymn wild carols to returning day,
And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,
Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies;
Her swift wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,
And countless zephyrs waft her through the skies.

There while her bright wheels pause in cloudless air,
She waves the magic sceptre of command,
And all her flattering visions, wild as fair,
Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,
High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,
Whence gushing streams of azure nectar flow,
And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

These, cull'd from every mountain, every plain,
Perenial flowers the ambient air perfume,
Far off stern Boreas holds his drear domain,
Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred bloom.

Through all the year, in copse and tangled dale,
Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,
What time pale Evening spreads the dewy veil,
What time the red Morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions! O, not here—not here,
Does Spring eternal hold her placid reign;
Already Boreas chills the altering year,
And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promis'd joys!—fair scenes of bliss,
Ideal scenes, too long believ'd in vain,
Plung'd down and swallow'd deep in Time's abyss!
So veering chance and ruthless fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, or mazy stream,
Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

O! long of billows wild, and winds the sport,
Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains!
Here truth, love, freedom, innocence resort,
And offer long oblivion to thy pains.

When panting, gasping, breathless, on the strand
The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand,
That points to safety, liberty and rest?

But thou, too soon forgetful of past woe,
Again would'st tempt the winds, and treacherous sea;
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,
Shall every wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so! I dread the elemental war,
Too soon, too soon the calm, deceitful flies;
I hear the blast come whistling from afar,
I see the tempest gathering in the skies.

Yet let the tempest roar!—love scorns all harms,
I plunge amid the storm, resolv'd to save;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,
The next let ruin join us in the grave.

The above verses imply some perfidy, or disappointment experienced by the lady to whom they are addressed. She probably accepted Mr. Day's addresses in resentment, and afterwards found she had not a heart to give him. This is no uncommon case; and it is surely better to recede, even at the church-porch, than to plight at its altar the vow of unexisting love, which no effort of the will can implant in the bosom. It has been observed, that marriage is often the grave of love, but scarcely ever its cradle; and what hope of happiness, what hope of a blessing on nuptials, which commence with perjury!

Even at that period, 'when youth, elate and gay, steps into life,' Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here, or hereafter. This severity of principle, more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a confirmed deist. Most unlike Doctor Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled him also, in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of releiving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him. He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind,

Ever despicable in Mr. Day's estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the Graces. He resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. So might she be his companion in that retirement, to which he had destined himself; and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He resolved also that she should be simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines.....There was no finding such a creature ready made; philosophical romance could not hope it. He must mould some infant into the being his fancy had imaged.

With the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barister, in considerable practice, and of taintless reputation, and several years older than himself, Mr. Day lived on terms of intimate friendship. Credentials were procured of Mr. Day's moral probity, and with them, on his coming of age, these two friends journied to Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital in that town for foundling girls. From the little train, Mr. Day, in the presence of Mr. Bicknel, selected two of twelve years each; both beautiful; one fair, with flaxen locks, and light eyes; her he called Lucretia. The other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chusnut tresses, he named Sabrina.

These girls were obtained on written conditions, for the performance of which Mr. Bicknel was guarantee. They were to this effect; that Mr. Day should, within the twelvemonth after taking them, resign one into the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married, or began business for herself. Upon either of these events, he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of educating the girl he should retain, with a view to making her his future wife; solemnly engaged never to violate her innocence; and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her decently in some creditable family till she married, when he promised five hundred pounds as her wedding portion.

Mr. Day went instantly into France with these girls; not taking an English servant, that they might receive no ideas, except those which himself might choose to impart.

They teized and perplexed him; they quarrelled, and fought incessantly; they sickened of the small-pox; they chained him to their bed-side by crying, and screaming if they were ever left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in English. He was obliged to sit up with them many nights; to perform for them the lowest offices of assistance.

They lost no beauty by their disease. Soon after they had recovered, by crossing the Rhone with his wards in a tempestuous day, the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer he saved them both, though with difficulty and danger to himself.

Mr. Day came back to England in eight months, heartily glad to seperate the little squabblers. Sabrina was become the favourite. He placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner, She behaved well, and became the wife of a respectable linen-draper in London. On his return to his native country, he intrusted Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, with whom she resided some months in a country village, while he settled

his affairs at his own mansion-house, from which he promised not to remove his mother.

It has been said before, that the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the spring of the year 1770, the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve month's possession of the pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she helpstarting aside, or suppress her screams.

When he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself, in which greater danger would result from its being discovered that he was aware of them, he once or twice detected her having imparted them to the servants, and to her play-fellows.

She betrayed an averseness to the study of books, and of the rudiments of science, which gave little promise of ability, that should, one day, be responsible for the education of youths, who were to emulate the Gracchi.

Mr. Day persisted in these experiments, and sustained their continual disappointment during a year's residence in the vicinity of Lichfield. The difficulty seemed to lie in giving her motive to exertion, self-denial, and heroism. It was against his plan to draw it from the usual sources, pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, or vanity. His watchful cares had precluded all knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and its concomitant desire of ornamented dress. The only inducement, therefore, which this artless girl could have to combat and subdue the natural preference, in youth so blossoming, of ease to pain, of vacant sport to the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, though she knew not how, or why he became such. In that desire, fear had greatly the ascendant of affection, and fear is a cold and indolent feeling.

Thus, after a series of fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold her as his future wife, he placed her at a boarding school in Sutton-Coldfield, Warwickshire. His trust in the power of education faltered; his aversion to modern elegance subsided. From the time he first lived in the Vale of Stowe, he had daily conversed with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd of Lichfield. Without having received a Spartan education, she united a disinterested desire to please, fortitude of spirit, native strength of intellect, literary and scientific taste, to unswerving truth, and to all the graces. She was the very Honora Sneyd, for whom the gallant and unfortunate Major Andres's inextinguishable passion is on poetic, as his military fame and hapless destiny are on patriot, record. Parental authority having dissolved the juvenile engagements of this distinguished youth and maid, Mr. Day offered to Honora his philosophic hand. She admired his talents; she revered his virtues; she tried to school her heart into softer sentiments in his favour. She did not succeed in that attempt, and ingenuously told him so. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, one year younger than himself, was very pretty, very sprightly, very artless, and very engaging, though countless degrees inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora. To her the yet love-luckless sage transfered the heart, which Honora had with sighs resigned. Elizabeth told Mr. Day she could have loved him, if he had acquired the manners of the world, instead of those austere singularities of air, habit, and address.

He began to impute to them the fickleness of his first love; the involuntary iciness of the charming Honora, as well as that for which her sister accounted. He told Elizabeth, that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices to external refinements, and try to acquire them. He would go to Paris for a year, and commit himself to dancing and fencing masters. He did so; stood daily an hour or two in frames, to screw back his shoulders, and point his feet; he practised the military gait, the fashionable bow, minuets, and cotillions; but it was too late; habits, so long fixed, could no more than partially be overcome. The endeavour, made at intervals, and by visible effort, was more really ungraceful than the natural stoop, and unfashionable air. The studied bow on entrance, the suddenly recollected assumption of attitude, prompted the risible instead of the admiring sensation; neither was the showy dress, in which he came back to his fair one, a jot more becoming.

Poor Elizabeth reproached her reluctant but insuppressive ingratitude, upon which all this labour, these sacrifices had been wasted. She confessed, that Thomas Day, blackguard, as he used jestingly to style himself, less displeased her eye than Thomas Day, fine gentleman.

Thus again disappointed, he resumed his accustomed plainness of garb, and neglect of his person, and went again upon the continent for another year, with pursuits of higher aim, more congenial to his talents and former principles. Returning to England in the year 1773, he saw that spring, Miss Honora Sneyd united to his friend Mr. Edgeworth, who was become a widower; and in the year 1780, he learned that his second love of that name, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd was also, after the death of Honora married to Mr. Edgeworth.

It was singular that Mr. Day should thus, in the course of seven years, find himself doubly rivalled by his most intimate friend; but his own previously renounced pursuit of those beautiful young women, left him without either cause or sensations of resentment on their account.

From the year 1773 this hitherto love-renounced philosopher resided chiefly in London, and amid the small and select circle which he frequented there, often met the pretty and elegant Miss Esther Mills of Derbyshire, who, with modern acquirements, and amongst modish luxuries, suited to her large fortune, had cultivated her understanding by books and her virtues by benevolence. The again unpolished stoic had every charm in her eyes,

"She saw Othello's visage in his mind."

But from indignant recollection of hopes so repeatedly baffled, Mr. Day looked with distrust on female attention of however flattering semblance; nor was it till after years of her modest, yet tender devotion to his talents and merit, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if she could, for his sake, resign all that the world calls pleasures; all its luxuries, all its ostentation. If, with him, she could resolve to employ, after the ordinary comforts of life were supplied, the surplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country, and shun, through remaining existence, the infectious taint of human society.

Mr. Day's constitutional fault, like poor Cowper's, seemed that of looking with severe and disgusted eyes upon those venial errors in his species which are mutually tolerated by mankind. This stain of misanthropy was extremely deepened by his commerce with the world, restrained as that commerce had ever been. Satiric, jealous, and discerning, it was not easy to deceive him, yet in a few instances, he was deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own:

"For neither man, nor angel can discern
"Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
"Invisible, except to God alone."

To proposals so formidable, so sure to be rejected by a heart less than infinitely attached, Miss Mills gladly assented; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted, that her whole fortune should be settled upon herself, totally out of his present or future controul; that if she grew tired of a system of life so likely to weary a woman of the world, she might return to that world any hour she chose, fully empowered to resume its habits, and its pleasures.

They married, and retired into the country about the year 1780, according to the best recollection of the author of these memoirs. No carriage; no appointed servant about Mrs. Day's own person, no luxury of any sort. Music, in which she was a distinguished proficient, was deemed trivial. She banished her harpsichord and music-books. Frequent experiments upon her temper, and her attachment, were made by him, whom she lived but to obey and love. Over these she often wept, but never repined. No wife, bound in the strictest fetters, as to the incapacity of claiming seperate maintenance, ever made more absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, than did this lady, whose independance had been secured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a duty.

Thus Mr. Day found, at last, amid the very class he dreaded, that of fashionable women, a heart whose passion for him supplied all the requisites of his high-toned expectations.

Some eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this singular being became, in its meridian, a victim to one of his uncommon systems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generosity, and sensibility of horses; and that whenever they were disobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill usage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal. When it was time it should become serviceable, disdaining to employ a horse breaker, he would use it to the bit and the burden himself. He was not a good horseman. The animal disliking his new situation, heeded not the soothing voice to which he had been accustomed. He plunged, threw his master, and then, with his heels, struck him on the head an instantly fatal blow. It was said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone though her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted, for his loss.

Ere the principal subject of this biographic tract is resumed, the reader will not be sorry to learn the future destiny of Sabrina. She remained at school three years; gained the esteem of her instructress; grew feminine, elegant, and amiable. This young woman proved one of many instances that those modes of education, which have been sanctioned by long experience, are seldom abandoned to advantage by ingenious system-mongers.

When Sabrina left school, Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds annually. She boarded some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport, in Shropshire. Wherever she paid visits, she secured to herself friends. Beautiful and admired, she passed the dangerous interval between sixteen and twenty-five, without one reflection upon her conduct, one stain upon her discretion. Often the guest of Dr. Darwin, and

other of her friends in Lichfield, esteem and affection formed the tribute to her virtues.

Mr. Day corresponded with her parentally, but seldom saw her, and never without witnesses. Two years after his marriage, and in her twenty-sixth year, his friend, Mr. Bicknel, proposed himself; that very Mr. Bicknel, who went with Mr. Day to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, and by whose suretyship for his upright intentions the governors of that charity permitted Mr. Day to take from thence that beauteous girl, and the young Lucretia.

Mr. Bicknel, high in practice as a barrister, was generally thought an advantageous match for Sabrina. More from prudential, than impassioned impulse, did she accept his addresses, yet became one of the most affectionate, as well as the best of wives. When Mr. Day's consent was asked by his *protegee*, he gave, it in these ungracious words: 'I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my advice.' He gave her the promised dower, five hundred pounds.

Mr. Bicknel, without patrimonial fortune, and living up to his professional income, did not save money. His beloved wife brought him two boys. When the eldest was about five years old, their father was seized with a paralytic stroke, which, in a few weeks, became fatal. His charming widow had no means of independant support for herself and infants. Mr. Day said he would allow her thirty pounds annually, to assist the efforts which he expected she would make for the maintenance of herself and children. To have been more bounteous must surely have been in his heart, but it was not in his system. Through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Harding, Solicitor General to the Queen, the sum of eight hundred pounds was raised among the gentleman of the bar for Mrs. Bicknel and her sons; the interest to be the mother's during her life, and the principal, at her decease, to be divided between her children.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 19th instant, William Savery, a much esteemed member of the Society of Friends. He was a man, whom the most censorious could not censure, whose manners, mild and affable, endeared him to his friends; whose dignified, yet unassuming, deportment, rendered him respectable among his contempories, and whose talents, stimulated by a laudable zeal for the welfare of his fellow creatures, frequently gained him the applause of admiring crowds. Endowed with a mind noble and generous, possessing too a heart of philanthropy, he was peculiarly useful during the calamities occasioned by the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia; with undaunted serenity he visited the haunts of contagion, sought out distress, and endeavoured, by disinterested exertion, to calm the tide of woe. The sick he comforted with Christian counsel, and the poor he relieved from a fund committed to his care by the humanity of his fellow-citizens. He lived till the age of 55, a character of exemplary piety, a preacher and practiser of Christian principles. Great and [illegible]ny were his exertions for the diffusion of the [illegible]pel, not only in this, but in foreign countries. His loss will be lamented as long as his name shall be remembered.

Why grieve ye thus? ye who his loss deplore;
Is he not gone from wretchedness and pain?
Lo! happy now in yon empyreal heav'n,
Loudly his maker's goodness he adores.
Is it not folly then to weep his exit?
And long, with heartfelt unavailing sighs,
Mourn a friend gone, for whom death had no terrors!
Save, save your grief for those who need it more,
And weep, if you must weep, when sinners die;
Virtue no sobbing needs, she was his friend:
Each day, each hour, she hope and comfort gave,
Richly rewarding his laborious care,
Year after year to spread her influence far. H

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Children begin among themselves with a *democracy*, where every one is master. Immediately and naturally quarrelling with one another, they soon acquiesce in a Monarchy. One distinguishes himself from the rest either by greater genius, strength, or dexterity, in their little diversions. To him many submit, and hence an absolute, or energetic government.

—

The Spaniards have a very curious proverb, which forcibly expresses their love, or their fear of Great Britain,

Con todo el mundo guerra
Y paz con Ynglaterra.

Which, as our Bible translators say, '*being interpreted*' signifies Peace with England and war with all the world.

—

At Oviedo, says an elegant writer and observing traveller through Spain, I went into the cell of father Feyjoo, and conversed with those who had reverenced him living. I examined the features of his bust, but this having been taken when the clay was no longer animated, it was from his works alone that I could form any judgment of his mind. All who are conversant with these, will agree with me in thinking him, for general literature, the first writer in the Spanish nation.

—

Shakspeare composed his comedies with the carelessness of a gentleman who wrote at his ease, and gave his audience the first flowings of his fancy, without any dread of criticism. Those were times, in which the poet indulged his genius without restraint; he stood alone, and supereminent, and wanted no artificial scaffold to raise him above the heads of his contemporaries.

—

Shakspeare might vault his Pegasus without a rein; mountains might rise, and seas roll in vain before him; nature could neither stop nor circumscribe his career.

—

Duane has been labouring, for some years, to find an *individual* of the Jacobin *Genus*, who can *write*. His efforts, far from being successful, are so abortive, that but few of his retainers can even *read*.

—

In the novel of "Mordaunt" the ingenious Dr. Moore, observes, in his wonted happy manner, that 'Those who marry, in spite of dislike, or difference will frequently by *habit* acquire a kind of affection for each other, just as those, who cannot afford *claret*, take *port*, or perhaps *porter*; which though unpalatable at first, becomes less and less so by patience and perseverence, and at last tolerably suits their taste.

Those, on the other, hand, who despising all other considerations, marry from love, and seperate soon after from hatred, may be compared to people, who are so fond of claret, that, without thinking of the price, indulge in excesses, which create disgust and remorse.

But the author adventurously adds, I am so framed that if I should venture on matrimony at all, I am convinced I would choose to risk the fate of the *claret drinkers*.

The present *fashionable criterion* for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance but his *dress*. There goes a *sly close dog*, (says one) his hands are always in his *pockets*. That's an *open-hearted generous fellow*, (says another) he never *buttons his waist-coat*.

—

David, the celebrated French painter, has realized a fortune of 20,000*l*. This is the true mode of *substantiating* shadows.

—

The battle of Monmouth is fresh in the memory of every one. General LEE, who commanded the advance of the American army, from some cause, not yet developed, had beaten a retreat, and met the intrepid WASHINGTON, marching to his support, with the whole line of the army. General WASHINGTON, with surprize, immediately accosted him with, "What is the reason of this extraordinary retreat?" "Sir, replied LEE, your troops will not fight British Grenadiers." WASHINGTON immediately retorted, "Sir, *you* never tried it."

—

The Duchess of Devonshire, while waiting in her carriage one day in the streets of London, observed a Dustman, with a short pipe in his hand, looking at her. Having gazed a few seconds with intenseness, he broke into a smile, and said 'Lord love your Ladyship, I wish you would let me light my pipe at your eyes.' Her grace took it in good part, and was so pleased with the whimsical frankness of the compliment, that when any thing civil is said to her, she often remarks 'Very well; but nothing like the Dustman.'

—

The following Parody was written before Mr. Jefferson sent for Tom Paine from France; and at a time when, from his extreme intemperance it was supposed he would soon become a victim to disease. We have copied it from a Newburyport Herald, printed in the year 1801. [*Repertory*.

ANTICIPATED ELEGY.

A parody on Tom Bowline.

The following elegiac stanzas are supposed to be sung at Paris, by one of Tom Paine's brother Bacchanalians, soon after the philosopher sinks into his '*eternal sleep*.'

Here the fam'd sot lies—poor Tom Ranter,
The darling of our crew!
No more he'll hug his dear decanter,
For brandy brought him too!

His face was of the manliest beauty,
With carbuncles beset;
Faithful with us he did his duty,
And kept his ashes wet.

Tom never from his club departed,
His prowess was so rare,
Tho' often led, or homeward carted,
In toping he was fair.

And then he'd swear and write so clever!
Sedition was his *fort*;
But *Common Sense* is fled forever,
Since Tom is turn'd to *dirt*!

Yet shall poor Tom not be forgotten,
For Monticello's sage
Shall rank him, though with tipplers rotting,
The wisest of the age.

Thus brandy has in vain consign'd him
To death's unkind arrest—
For, while an infidel's behind him,
His memory will be blest!

—

The known shortness of life, as it ought to moderate our passions, may likewise, with equ[illegible]

propriety, contract our designs. There is not time for the most forcible genius, and active industry, to extend its effects, beyond a certain sphere. To project the conquest of the world is the madness of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every science, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at last, that they have panted for a height of eminence, denied to humanity, and have lost many opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a species of honour which the eternal laws of Providence have placed, beyond the reach of man.

It is always pleasing to observe how much more our minds can conceive, than our bodies can perform; yet it is a duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition, by some regard for the other. We are not to indulge our corporal appetites with pleasures, that impair our intellectual vigor, nor gratify our minds with schemes, which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitement to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavors, we may either check or animate ourselves, by recollecting, with the father of physick, *that art is long, and life is short.*

—

Tune—'THE ISLAND.'

If the French have a notion
Of crossing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land;
They may come, if they like,
But we'll soon make 'em strike
To lads of the tight little Island.
Huzza for the boys of the Island—
The brave volunteers of the Island!
The fraternal embrace
If foes want in this place,
We'll present all the *arms* in the Island!

They say we keep shops,
To vend broad cloth and slops,
And of merchants they call us a sly land;
But, tho' war is their trade,
What BRITON'S afraid
To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?
They'll pay pretty dear for the Island;
If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample,
Shall make an example,
Of all who dare bid for the island.

If met they should be
By the boys of the sea,
I warrant they'll never come nigh land;
If they do, those on land
Will soon lend 'em a hand
To foot it again from the Island.
Huzza! for the King of the Island;
Shall our father be robb'd of his Island?
While his children can fight,
They'll stand up for his right,
And their own, to the tight little Island.

[*London paper.*

—

EPIGRAM.

Imitated from the French, by Mr. P. Dodd.

ON THE DEATH OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more!
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

—

A Parody on Parodies.

.....I do remember a Poet;
At this chandler's shop he dwells; whom late I noted,
With many a pilfer'd line, and quaint conceit,
Wooing Apollo; haggard were his looks.
Pale want and misery had skeleton'd his bones,
And in his garret hung some ballads new,
A Grub-street elegy, and dying speech,
Most pitifully worded; on a scarce propp'd shelf
A Shakspeare mutilated, old magazines,
Pamphlets, reviews, a mort of newspapers,
Newfangled epigrams, impromptus, satire sharp,
A vast collection of spoil'd printer's sheets,
Lay, without order, yet made up a show.
Noting this mixture strange, to myself I said,
An if a man did lack a birth-day ode,
Or Sonnet pen'd to his mistress's eye-brow,
That well might wake the critic's sharp belay,
Here lives a half starv'd wight would do it him;
Not being Sunday, he is sure at home.

—

The modern French style of writing is totally different from those pure models, which are to be found in her early writers. Fustian nonsense and bombast are the natural language of upstarts, mountebanks, ruffians and pillagers. The new men of regicide *naturally* talk in the tone of butchers, shoe blacks, chimney sweepers, and lacqueys, because each individual, whether a murderous Marat, or a limping Le Paux, whether a three coloured director, or a Harlequin First Consul *must* use the gross gibberish, the mother tongue of every low bred rebel. Nothing can be truer than the assertion of a great Statesman on this subject. Edmund Burke, whose political truths will 'flourish in immortal youth' when cart-loads of French, Jacobin Constitutions have been projected in vain, assures us 'that State Papers in the modern style of French bureaus are mere *fanfaronades, things*, which have much more the air, and character of the saucy declamations of their *clubs*, than the tone of regular office.'

—

In Carlysle's specimen of Arabrian Poetry, may be found the following odd thought at the expence of an Invalid, too solicitious for the preservation of his health.

ON A VALETUDINARIAN.

So careful is Isa and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown
He swears, through *two* nostrils the breath goes too fast
Aud he's trying to breath through but *one*.

—

ODE TO EVENING.

Hail, meek eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves;
As homeward bent, to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund, he wistles thro' the twilight groves!
When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.
The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.
To the deep wood the clam'rous rocks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;
And from the sheep coat and fresh furrow'd field
Stout Ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.
The Swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.
Now ev'ry passion sleeps; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad ambition's storms subside.
O modest evening! oft let me appear
A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train;
List'ning to ev'ry wildly warbling note
That fills with farewel sweet thy dark'ning plain.

—

A FRAGMENT,

[Addressed to *James Corrie, Esq.* of Liverpool, on his edition of the works of *Robert Burns*, for the benefit of the widow and family of that immortal Bard.]

See plenty exults, in her green waving blade,
As the light breeze sweeps gently along,
And labor reclines in the soft easy shade,
Where the *Redbrest* awakes his sweet song.
How beauteous the landscape, when summer is drest
With a census of roses so gay;
But ah! when shall *Scotia* with pleasure be blest,
Since her *Burns* sleeps so cold in the clay!
Expands not thy breast, when the sounds of delight
Are heard in the still hour of eve;
When the villagers sport by the moon's silver light,
The day's wasting cares to relieve?
His too was the rapture such scenes could impart,
As the rustic maids chaunted his lay,
For benevolence strung the fine cords of his heart,
But that heart now lies cold in the clay!
From his country's blue hills, while the sun's golden beam
Gives life to all nature around,
Or thro' her lone glens winds the serpentine stream,
Shall the voice of the poet resound:
When love, with light heart, steals unseen to the bower,
His strains shall fresh transport convey;
For his spirit shall reign in that dear blissful hour,
Tho' his body lies cold in the clay!
Fancy wove the rich web of his vision divine,
With the rays of the soft blushing morn;
His path nature strew'd with her wild flow'rs so fine,
And the dew, trembling, hung on the thorn.
The painted trout leapt from the smooth gliding *Ayr*,
The lambkins danc'd sporting away,
While his lyre breath'd the notes that the soul could ensnare—
But now he lies cold in the clay!
And still o'er the mountain, and through the deep vale,
As he sung of his *Scotia* so dear,
Want hung by his footsteps, to tell her sad tale
For his *Jane* and her offspring were near.
Ye fathers who feel, and ye sons who can love,
Your regard to his orphans display;
And with *Corrie's* warm heart your kind sympathy prove,
Since the Minstrel sleeps cold in the clay.

—

WHIMSICAL POETICAL CROSS-READINGS.

The candles purloined last saturday night—
Tis shrewdly suspected will all come to light.

A good dose of salts and a gentle potation—
To take out the stains —in a soil'd reputation.

Return'd from their travels to see foreign parts—
Fresh oysters and lobsters transported in carts.

Two hampers of porter, five casks of salt petre—
Set to music by Handel, in excellent metre.

My servant took with him when he ran away—
Ten acres of woodland, besides corn and hay.

Fine fat and sleek cattle are seen in each street—
In climbing a wall, they lost all their feet.

Restorative Balsam with Essence of Mustard—
May be had gratis—in exchange for good custard.

To be let, or sold, in a fine situation—
My own dearest jewel—with a lost reputation.

A snow storm, with thunder and lightning, 'tis said—
Fell down the chimney, and roll'd into bed.

Good Rock and Turk's Island salt may be had—
To keep in his senses, a man who's run mad.

One morning, a cabbage appeared to my view—
Full three yards and a half—I think it was blue.

In our paper of Monday, we said in great haste—
A fire broke out which consum'd all our paste.

A pedlar came travelling by with his pack——
Containing ten white men, a squaw, and a black.

The speaker did say, but not in his chair——
You dunces attend to the chaplain at prayer.

—

Mr. Hayley has announced a life of Romne the painter, to be compiled from materials bequeathed to him by that gentleman for that purpose.

Temperance is a virtue, which the Spaniards show with other southern nations, for wine is so inflammatory in regions exposed to the heat of the sun, that, instead of an agreeable warmth and a flow of ideas, it would produce fever, misery and madness. In these countries, the body is so much exhausted by the influence of heat, that the siesta or short sleep in the middle of the day becomes a necessary resource of nature, and is by habit continued even in winter.

—

The following extract exhibits a beautiful picture of the amiable temper of ADDISON, and an enchanting specimen of his sweetest stile.

When I look into the frame, and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction than that tenderness and concern, which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments, which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success, that can be conferred on a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings, as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man, that does himself any real service does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing, in particular, in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together in a narrow compass the great occurrences and events, that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with lustre and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book and am an happy man for a whole evening.

—

'*Qui n' a pas vue Paris n' a rien vue!*' 'He that has not seen Paris has seen nothing!' So said M. du Hautpas, speaking in the triumph of his heart, as he approached his window, in the *Cul-de-sac des Babillardes*, to take in the *chemise* his wife had hung out to dry!

—

An Englishman is surprised to see the show which a Frenchman can make with a little money. Give a poor fellow, who has neither coat, shoe nor stocking, a few livres, and he will make himself a beau for the Boulevards.

A person, who related it to me, witnessed the following scene:

One evening, company came in unexpectedly at the lodgings of an officer. 'Bless me,' exclaimed the mistress of the house, 'what shall I do—they are my intimate friends. I know they will expect to stay to supper, and I have absolutely nothing to give them.'

A maid, who had lived with her from infancy, which, as a result of the feudal system used to be common in France, seeing the distress of her mistress, and possessing, in a high degree, the faculty of making much of a little, asked her mistress what money she had? 'Oh,' replied the lady, 'none scarcely: I have only a fifteen Sous piece, and three liards:' less than ten pence. 'Give it me quickly,' said the maid.

Away the girl went, and presently the table was brought, the clean cloth was spread, the silver forks and spoons arranged, bread, butter, a *Neufchatel* cheese, a salad, two plates thinly strewed with strawberries, and a ragout of something like bare bones covered the board. The show was quite respectable, an appearance of many things though there was nothing to eat; and the girl, with great apparent vexation, blamed herself for her negligence: 'she had been so forgetful and the shops were now all shut: it was shameful of her! Her lady was the most hospitable lady on earth: it was no fault of hers, for her strict orders were to be always well provided.'

—

GAZETTES OR NEWSPAPERS.

Monsieur de Saintfoix, in his historical Essays on Paris, gives this account of their introduction.

Theophrastus Renaudot, a physician of Paris, picked up news from all quarters, to amuse his patients; he presently became more in request than any of his brethren; but as a whole city is not ill, or at least don't imagine itself to be so, he began to reflect at the end of some years, that he might gain a more considerable income by giving a paper every week, containing the news of different countries. A permission was necessary; he obtained it, with an exclusive privilege, in 1632. Such papers had been in use for a considerable time at Venice, and were called Gazettes, because a small piece of money, called Gazetta, was paid for reading them. This is the origin of our Gazette and its name. About ten years afterwards, they were common in England by the name of Mercuries.

—

Mr. Gifford we understand is engaged in writing a life of Buonaparte.

—

TRUE RESIGNATION.

WHEN Colin's good dame, who long held him
a tug,
And defeated his hopes by the help of the jug,
Had taken too freely the cheeruping cup,
And repeated the dose till it laid her quite up;
Colin sent for the doctor; with sorrowful face,
He gave him his fee, and he told him her case,
Quoth Galen, I'll do what I can for your wife;
But indeed she's so bad, that I fear for her life.
In counsel there's safety—e'en send for another;
For if she should die, folks will make a strange
pother,
And say that I lost her, for want of good skill—
Or of better advice—or, in short, what they will.
Says Colin, your judgment there's none can dispute;
And if physic *can* cure her—I know your's will
do't.
But if, after all, she should *happen to die*,
And they say that you kill'd her—I'll swear 'tis
a lie;
'Tis the *husband's* chief business, whatever ensue,
And whoever finds fault—I'll be shot if *I* do.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'M' is solicited to crop frequently the flowers of Poetry. In the intervals of domestic duty it is more illustrious for a woman to peruse the brilliant and the useful, than to flaunt in public places, or to cheapen fans.

Ah, friend, to dazzle let the *vain* design,
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.

It is the constant endeavor of the Editor that this paper should abound with original communications, and he is always as studious as possible of variety. But it is impossible always to be new and various. Readers must remember the infant state of letters in this country; that many tastes are to be gratified, and that numerous and often jarring articles press upon the printer. The statesman looks for official documents and political arguments; the quidnunc for news, the poet for harmonious verse, the Lounger for paragraphs, the moralist for REASON, TRUTH and NATURE, and the wit for MERRIMENT. All these expectants cannot be gratified *at once*. But each in order shall find something adapted to his particular taste or habits. Let him, therefore, who is disappointed this week, wait till the next, and, peradventure, we may make him atonement. Let him remember, with a slight variation of the words of Lord COKE, that 'albeit he cannot at any one day, do what he can, reach the particular object of his curiosity, yet at *some other day*, in some other place, his wishes may probably be realized.

We are happy to comply with the request of H. The memorial of Talents and Worth is always precious to the Editor.

'A Fragment' in the manner of STERNE is under consideration. The author has certainly much of the quaintness, wit, and eccentricity of the original. Of the fire of fancy, and brightness, without smoke, he makes a brilliant display. But we fear that some licentious allusions will offend 'their worships and their reverences,' yet though prudes would at least *pretend* to be offended with his sauciness, yet they could not deny him the praise of humour, and they would exclaim with Pope upon Sir John Vanbrugh.

'How Van wants *grace*, who never wanted *wit*.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A ROSE-BUD.

Ah why so tardy, timid Rose!
Thy opening beauties to display?
Ah why within their mossy cell
So long thy shrinking petals stay?

Full many a morn, and many an eve,
Thy gently swelling bud I've seen,
And fondly strove, with many a kiss,
To wake thee from thy bed so green.

When scarcely form'd you first appear'd,
I mark'd thee with a lover's eye,
And doom'd thee to an envied fate—
On Delia's breast to live and die.

Spring's gladd'ning smile now gilds the plain,
And chases Winter's frowns away,
To thee, O Rose! she fondly calls,
And pours on thee her warmest ray.

Already doth her gladd'ning smile
My Delia's glowing beauties grace,
Already hath her pencil bright
Ting'd with its radiant hue her face.

With that same hue, O happy Rose!
She longs thy velvet leaves to tip,
And breathe on them the same perfume
She breath'd on Delia's dewy lip.

Near thee the lately waken'd bees,
Anxious to taste thy fragrance, stay,
With me thy promis'd bloom they wait,
And murm'ring chide thy long delay.

Then haste, and with impatient step,
When next to mark thy growth I walk,
Then let me see thy blushing head
Bend with its dewy weight thy stalk. Q. V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A CARVER.

BARILLA.

Skillin, lo! a belle of taste
Seems along the street to haste;
Shall I stop her, while you strike,
If not exactly, something like?
"If you please, but she's a wit,
Extremely difficult to hit;
A thing that varies every tide,
And chiefly to the moody side.
She calls, and, faith I don't know how,
Smoothes every wrinkle on my brow;
Begs me to rest, the chissel takes,
Touches and such expression wakes,
That, baffled in my fav'rite art,
I take new lessons from her heart.

She gives each feature of her face
A most inimitable grace,
Whene'er her favourites appear
Within her humour's atmosphere.
With care, when arrogance is nigh,
Unsheaths the satire of her eye;
And darts such ridicule around,
That every hypocrite confounds.

Invite her home, such sport and laughter!
The ceiling cracks, and shakes the rafter.
In merry mood quick fly her jokes,
Rebounding thro' the room of folks;
With such an uproar of high glee,
Of mirth, and jest, and jollity,
Just as she please to give the pitch,
That each old knitter drops a stich;
The workmen run, the tools all drop,
The fire goes out, the jack-wheels stop.

So lovely, yet so strange a creature,
The women love, yet long to beat her;
Conceive her frolicks are improper,
Yet know not how the deuce to stop her;
For she will, whene'er she please,
Set every woman more at ease;
And when a thousand pictures shown,
Make each enamour'd of her own.
Are follies by her hand uncover'd?
A thousand beauties are discover'd;
For she will spunge the peccant part,
And touch no fibre of the heart.

She oft, where sober maidens spend
The Sunday night by candle-end
Will sit, while half an hour goes round,
Some text of Scripture to expound;
With saintly visage thence retire
To some mean hovel's charcoal fire,
Undress the children, tend the sick,
Recruit and trim the watcher's wick.
At midnight contemplative walk,
With lovers, kittens, planets, talk,
Then, so unruffled glide to bed,
That spiders weave around her head.
Now, just for exercise and air,
To full assemblies will repair;
Be flutter'd round by belles and beaux,
And dance till Peter's herald crows.
Then, when she meditates no harm,
Take some young fellow by the arm,
When he begins to sigh and pray,
Pities and puffs the fool away;
Whips in the stage, and takes a jaunt
To some delightful country haunt;
Passes an hour among the grain,
And whirls a comet back again.

If hundreds do her form adore,
Her wit demands a thousand more;
And other thousands will confess
Her sweet, bewitching, soft address;
Assert she is, what none denied,
Good-humour's self, personified;
And place a million round her stand,
She thrills electric through the band;
Nay, circle men from pole to pole,
She'd mesmer-magnetise the whole.

Grave sages, if she pass the door,
Spring from their metaphysic lore,
Throw out a signal for her wit,
(Forever ready, ever light),
To flash among the mystic haze,
And kindly light them thro' the maze.
If, on some classic work intent,
His stock exhaust, invention spent,
She bursts upon him ere he think,
Upsets his pipe upon his ink,
Pats with familiar hand his cheek,
And joins the hearty laugh at Greek:
Or, not to dissipate his theme,
Threadles her needle, mends a seam,
Brushes the cobwebs from the tome,
And is, in every sense, at home.

For poets, thoughts and words combines,
Faster than they can shape their lines;
Teaches them curiously to match
In various tissue every patch;
Cover each bare thread with a gem,
Gloss o'er the whole, and fringe the hem;
That when they think the suit complete,
Polish'd and graceful, fine and neat,
Moves her magnetic fingers o'er it,
It looks, as tho' a critic tore it,
For every spangle seeks its kind,
And leaves a cavity behind.

Angelo's genius, howe'er great,
To wood could ne'er her form translate;
And 'twere an easier task to grave
A Phryne rising from the wave.
For as her motion, so her mein,
Extremes will seldom fix between;
For with the scene her humours change,
Adjust her features or derange;
And, catch them steady by surprise,
Her soul comes peeping thro' her eyes,
And, still resolv'd to disappoint,
Puts the whole figure out of joint;
With grave or mimic air untwines
The whole geometry of lines.
So let her pass—a jolly wench!
The next may sit upon the bench,
Rest easy, be at leisure view'd,
While every lineament is hew'd;
For no man, till her spirit's fled,
Will dare to carve Barilla's head.

ANALASKI.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In looking into 'Ellis's Specimens,' we find among the minor poems of Sir John Davies, the following good likeness of a Lounger. Human nature is nearly the same in every age. *Fuscus* in the reign of JAMES, and POPE'S *Paridel* in that of Queen Anne, are twin brothers of a yawning family. Mental vacancy is as common on the banks of the Schuylkill, as on the banks of the Thames; and every reflecting reader, as he peruses the following extract from an obsolete poet, will imagine that he is describing the life and adventures of some of the young men of Philadelphia.]

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet, in the course of life, that he doth lead,
He's like a horse, which turning round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread.

First, he doth rise at *ten;* and at eleven
He goes to Gyl's, where he doth eat till one;
Then sees a play till six, and sups at seven;
And after supper straight to bed is gone.
And there till ten next day he doth remain;
And then he dines; and sees a comedy;
And then he sups, and goes to bed again:
Thus **round he runs, without variety:*
Save that, sometimes, he comes not to the play,
But falls into a *brothel* by the way.

HORACE BOOK I. ODE 22.

To ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The guiltless life, the unsullied heart,
Need not the dire envenomed dart
That speeds from Moorish bows,
Whether o'er Caucasus we stray,
O'er torrid Syrtes take our way,
Or where Hydaspes flows.

For late, when through my Sabine shade,
In careless mood too far I stray'd,
By gentlest passions charm'd,
And sung of Lalage and love,
A wolf rush'd swiftly from the grove,
But fled me, though unarm'd.

Such his dread form, portentous size,
None like in martial Daunia lies,
Where ample forests spread;
None fiercer springs from Juba's land,
Where, nurtur'd in the parching sand,
The prowling Lion's bred.

Then place me where no Summer breeze
Cheers the dull soil, revives the trees,
Or in the pathless wilds
Where Phebus darts his fiercest fire;
Still shall my heart the nymph admire,
Who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

SONNET.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Lives there a wretch who would profanely dare
On Love bestow a tyrant's barbarous name,
And, foe to every soft delight, proclaim
His service slavery; its wages care?
Forever may he prove it so, and ne'er
Feel the dear transports of that generous flame,
For him no maiden smile, nor melting dame
The silent couch of midnight bliss prepare.
For much he wrongs the gentlest best of pow'rs,
Whose very pangs can charm, and torments please,
Whom long I've known, and in whose angriest hours
Such rapture found, as I would not forego,
No, not forego, for all the dead cold ease
Which dull Indifference could e'er bestow.

* This is a strong phrase to express the wearisome sameness of lazy life. To toil after pleasure, which is not relished when caught; to pace, like a blind ass in an olive mill, the insipid round of fashion; to go into company, and yet be in solitude; and to gaze at the most interesting objects with a foolish face of apathy, are the characteristics of many an 'Ennui.'

[*Note by the Editor.*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.